PS 3505
.L415 M3
1905

The Madonna of Poem and Picture

Mary Lucia Clarke

Compiled and published by

Mary Louise Clarke

Kelmscott Library.

Copyrighted 1905 by
MARY LOUISE CLARKE
Columbus, Ohio.

PS3505
.L415M3
1905

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
Two Copies Received
AUG 28 1905
Copyright Entry
July 31. 1905
CLASS a XXc. No.
122716
COPY B.

I never think of thee apart
from Him,

Nor Him apart from thee;

Lo! ever near thy Son, with
mother-love,

Thy tender face I see.

Charles Hanson Towne.

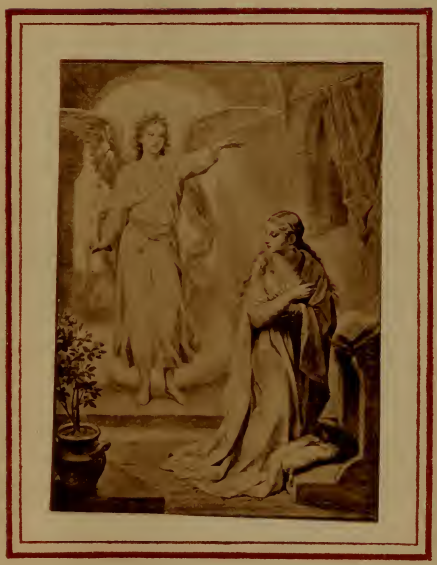
MURILLIO'S IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Clothed with the sun, the moon beneath thy feet,
Thy starry crown illumes the shades of Time.
Earth's fairest types grow dim and incomplete
Before thy virgin loveliness sublime.
Troubled and tempted, toil worn and deceived,
Sinners unto thy stainless heart we flee.
O Queen, without the taint of sin conceived,
Pray for the souls that have recourse to thee.

Eleanor C. Donnelly.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

For on this blessed day
She knelt at prayer;
When lo! before her shone
An Angel fair.
"Hail Mary," thus he cried,
With reverent fear;
She, with sweet wondering eyes,
Marvelled to hear.
Be still, Pride, War and Pomp,
Vain Hopes, vain Fears,
For now an Angel speaks,
And Mary hears.



But she had hopes such as no woman's heart,

Save hers, had dared to cherish. Hopes brought down

By God's own Angel, from the throne of truth

And planted in her heart. She was sure

That He was the Messiah—promised long

And wailed for by Israel.

She believed that He should "save His people from their sins,"

And sit upon His father David's throne

A glorious King forever.

Mrs. Lydia T. Peirson.

At last thou art come, little Saviour,

And Thine angels fill midnight with song,

Thou art come to us, gentle Creator,

Whom Thy creatures have sighed for so long.

Thou hast brought with Thee plentiful pardon,

And our souls overflow with delight.

Our hearts are half broken, dear Jesus,

With the joy of that wonderful night.

Anne Gladstone Bennett.

When in the nest of Mary's arms
Our Jesus lay asleep,
So fair they both to heaven seemed,
The very angels smiled,
And hastened down to earth to watch
The Mother and the Child.

M. Regina Colgan.

ON A MADONNA BY BOTICELLI IN THE LOUVRE.

What strange presentiment, O Mother, lies,
On thy waste brow and sadly filled lips,
Forefeeling the Light's terrible eclipse
On Calvary, as if love made thee wise.
And thou couldst read in those dear Infant eyes
The sorrow that beneath their smiling sleeps,
And guess what bitter tears a mother weeps
When the cross darkens her unclouded skies?

Edith Wharton.

And grateful for the blessing given
With that dear Infant on her knee,
She strains her eyes to look to heaven,
The voice to lisp a prayer to Thee.
Such thanks the Blessed Mary gave,
When from her lap the Holy Child,
Sent from on high to seek and save
The lost on earth, looked up and smiled.

William Cullen Bryant.

MADONNA DI SAN SISTO.

Mother! what means that rapt and wondering gaze?
Hear'st thou, from out the heaven encircling thee,
The cherub bands with liquid harmony
"Ave Maria" choiring to thy praise,
With awe-struck intuition canst thou see
Thy Babe grown man, go forth from Galilee,
To lead Death captive in the coming days?
Nay, rather through thine ecstacy appears
A wistful yearning as of one resigned
To greatness, who, God-bidden, leaves behind
Sweet dreams of far-off, uneventful years,
And yielding Him she loves for human kind.
Treads dry-eyed downward to the vale of Tears.

But she the model of all earthly mothers,
Was never spared the pain of knowing this:
That though her Christ-child played with blooming roses,
The cross must come for all her prayerful bliss.
To gaze upon His smooth and stainless forehead
And know that there great drops of blood should be—
To catch His dimpled hands and softly warm them,
As mothers do—between their own—was pain
She felt the nail prints on their velvet surface—
She could not save her Lamb from being slain.

With a weight of grief o'er laden,
Weary, helpless and forlorn,
Stood a sweet and stainless maiden
Close beside the tree of scorn.

O! Mary pierced with sorrow,
Remember teach and save
The soul that goes tomorrow
Before the God that gave:

As each was born of woman
For each, in utter need,
True comrade and brave freeman,
Madonna, intercede.

Rudyard Kipling.

THE LEA-MAR PRINT SHOP

38-35-37 E. SPRING STREET

AUG 28 1903